



JENNY'S BAWBEE.

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,
 Wi' hinging lugs and faces lang;
 I spier'd at neighbour BAULDY STRANG,
 What are they I see?
 Quo' he, ilk cream-fae'd pawky chiel,
 Thought himsel' cunning as the deil,
 And here they cam' awa' to steal
 Our JENNY's bawbee.

The first, a Captain to his trade,
 Wi' skull ill-lin'd, but back weel clad,
 March'd round the barn, and by the shed,
 And papp'd on his knee:
 Quo' he, ' My goddess, nymph, and queen,
 " Your beauty's dazzled baith my een!"
 But deil a beauty he had seen
 But JENNY's bawbee.

A Lawyer niest, wi' bleth'rin gab,
 Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
 In ilk ane's eorn ay took a dab,
 And a' for a fee.
 Accompts he ow'd through a' the town,
 And tradesmens tongues nae mair cou'd drown,
 But now he thought to elout his gown
 Wi' JENNY's bawbee.

A Norland Laird niest trotted up,
 Wi' bawsen'd naig and siller whup,
 Cry'd, " There's my beast, lad, had the grup,
 " Or tie't till a tree,
 " What's gowd to me? I've walth o' lan',
 " Bestow on ane o' worth your han';"
 He thought to pay what he was awn
 Wi' JENNY's bawbee.

Dress'd up just like the knave o' clubs,
 A Fop came niest, (but life has rubs),
 Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,
 Jaupit a' was he.
 He dan'd up, squintin' through a glass,
 And grinn'd, " I faith a bonny lass!"
 He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
 The lassie's bawbee.

She bade the Laird gae kaim his wig,
 The Soger no to strut sae big,
 The Lawyer no to be a prig,
 The Fop cry'd, " Tehee!
 " I kent that I cou'd never fail!"
 She prin'd a dish-clout to his tail,
 And sous'd him wi' a water-pail,
 And kept her bawbee!

Jenny's Pawbee.

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Allegretto
Scherzando

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